

## FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

## CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

CHAPTER  
FORTY-SECONDCopyright, 1918,  
by the Newspaper  
Enterprise Ass'n.

I Play Against a U-boat Crew for a U. S. Transport.

(Copyright, 1918, by the Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n.)

The captain's commands rang through the U-boat and were echoed back to him by his subordinates. His eyes never left the periscope. Near him a new man had taken a place. His hand clutched a large brass pistol, his fingers were about to pull the trigger. And out on the ocean, guarded by a single destroyer, was a brave ship loaded with my countrymen—"the finest boys America has ever raised"—so Daddy Lorimer describes our soldiers.

On the instant I perceived that not for nothing had I come to the end of the world. Here was the work I had been born to do. "In a minute—in a minute—I shall see the way," I said to myself.

In just one little minute more I would join the great souls of all time. Joan d'Arc and Edith Cavell. Only, no one living would ever know about me.

In just a little minute more and I would be one with thousands of unknown soldiers who have died that other men might live.

Then, on a sudden, my way was clear! That precious pistol which I had kept to save myself, should save the troopship!

It was an automatic—the Lorimer boys own similar guns. And I knew that if I pulled the trigger and hung on to it firmly, a clip of bullets would be fired. It was plain, that a woman so armed and unwatched in the bowels of a U-boat could mess up things considerably.

stopped before the tent to which she had been directed. As she saw no one, she motioned to her mother, laboriously making the ascent, to wait below.

Betty walked a few paces off. She could see no one in or about the tent. A bit off she saw a laborer cleaning a saddle, and behind him a soldier with a rifle. She decided that she would make inquiry of him and advanced.

"Can you tell me—" That man in blue overalls! That man scrubbing a saddle! Betty reeled. It was Bobby! With an armed soldier behind him! He was a prisoner. And he had told her he had won a sergeant's chevrons.

Betty flew down the hill as she heard the soldier say: "Has the skirt gone mad?" And Mrs. Wilson became fully convinced she had been very unwise to accede to her daughter's plans, as her arm was grabbed and she was violently pulled down the hill by a very agitated Betty.

"Stop, stop, Betty, my slippers are full of sand!" But her appeal brought no response, nor could she on the ride back to the hotel elicit any explanation for the sudden demand that they return immediately home. But Mrs. Wilson was too eager to leave the hot climate to question very minutely her daughter's change of plans.

The bellboy had already carried their valises into the taxi and Mrs. Wilson was making a final inspection of their room to see that nothing had been left behind. Betty stood disconsolately at the window gazing at the street below.

"All right, Betty," called her mother, "let's go."

"Yes, let's go," repeated Betty in an unwilling tone. She did not want to leave El Paso, but it was the only alternative.

As the elevator stopped at the main floor and discharged its burden Betty stood aghast.

There was Bobby! But looking surprisingly military in a perfectly fitting uniform. And on his arm were the unrescribed three stripes of a sergeant! He turned and saw her.

"Betty," he cried out joyfully as he made a rush for the girl shrinking behind a huge palm. The hotel guests turned to stare at the unusual commotion. "Betty, my Betty," he called as he caught up to her, "come to me." And as she held off, "What is the matter?"

Betty was choking. She could hardly speak. "But I'm a prisoner."

"A prisoner?" Bobby repeated questionably. "I'm no prisoner." His emphatic denial did not convince her. "Oh, but I saw you this morning at camp. You were in overalls, scrub-

The torpedo lieutenant's finger was on the trigger, his eyes on the captain who raised his hand to give the signal to fire.

I sat up unnoticed in my bunk, concealed my weapon in the folds of my blanket and turned the muzzle on the captain. Luck holding, I would sweep a big circle in that U-boat, and lodge the late bullet in my own breast.

The thing which was done as soon as planned—but the bullets ran out fast—longer than I expected and my gun was emptied before the muzzle hit my bosom.

The next second I was very glad. It would have been a pity to miss the astounding tumult I had created.

The commander was blinded with blood, the torpedo lieutenant had fallen, but as his fingers contracted, the torpedo had left the tube ahead of time—a gr-r-r-h of compressed air told the tale. Another man was surveying a heap of glass and a pool of shining stuff at his feet.

Bremer leaped to the periscope. It was time for me to swoon—and I did so promptly, at least I was on my face and as limp as a rag. I had learned that art in the college gym.

My eyes were closed—but my ears were wide open. Rough hands were seizing me—but still I listened for Bremer's voice.

But Bremer was a very cool and deliberate creature. He took his time—he seemed to survey the whole horizon before he announced:

"The shell crossed her bow, only scared her—now she's zig-zagging! But the destroyer is turning! She's coming for us!"

bing a saddle, and there was a soldier with a rifle behind you."

Bobby laughed loud and long. His voice re-echoed through the lobby. "Oh, you dear, dear Betty. Don't you know soldiers wear blue denims so as not to soil their uniforms? And buckle!"

As the hotel guests and employees returned to newspapers and duties they pretended not to see the happy kiss of reconciliation.

Mrs. Wilson leaned weakly against a chair. "Imagine," she said "summering in Texas!"

## HOULT

Archie McElfresh, "Somewhere in France," has written letters to several relatives and friends while in the hospital with some slight illness, as he puts it. The one he wrote to his cousin, Miss Bertha Bowman, follows:

B. H. No. 61, Sept. 9, 1918.

Dear Bertha—I have a little time and paper so I will write you a letter to let you know I have not forgotten you. I often think of you and wonder how you are getting along. I am in the hospital now, sick. Not serious, but just enough to make me unfit for duty for a few days. By the time you get this I will be back doing business at the same old stand, and business is not very dull over here these days.

Quite recently I got into a position where I had to abandon my pack and personal belongings on the battle field or leave myself, and I chose the former, so I lost all my photos, and it was a thing I was very sorry to do. Tell Jesse, Ray and Hazel to each send me one of theirs and also send me one of yours. You have no idea how it cheers a fellow up to look at the pictures of the friends back home when you are lonesome or Fritz is sending us some souvenirs that we do not want.

How does Clarence like the life in the army now? Does he think he will get to come over, or is he going to have to stay in the States. How is everything there now?

I will close, hoping to hear from you soon.

Your loving cousin,  
G. A. McELFRESH.  
Bat. D. 12th F. A. A. E. F.

P. S.—Tell all the rest "hello" and that I often think of them.

ARCHIE.

The "Clarence" he asks about, if he is coming over, is his Cousin Clarence Bowman, of the Coast Artillery, Fort Monroe. As if in answer to the inquiry, he has written his father, Jas. D. Bowman, form Camp Eustis, Va.

Dear Papa:—Now you can put up

a service flag for me. I am a real soldier at last. The men in this brigade (the entire brigade is here) have their overseas equipment. I suppose we will get ours this afternoon. We might possibly be on a transport by the time you get this letter. And again we might be here yet in a month. No one knows, or could tell if he did know.

I have found Ross Satterfield, but neither he nor I can locate Floyd (McElfresh). He is probably over in Mulberry Island. This camp is so large that he could be here and us not find him.

I am in the 48th and "Peck" (Ross Satterfield's nick name) is in the 50th. I guess we are in the same brigade and will go across at the same time.

You can address me here, and I suppose it will follow if I am gone.

Pvt. CLARENCE M. BOWMAN.  
Bat. C, 48th Regt. C. A. C.,  
Camp Eustis, Va.

Charles E. McElfresh is sick. He is afraid he contracted the Spanish grip while at Camp Lee last week to see his son Robert, who is in hospital with pneumonia. The latest from Robert is to the effect that he is better.

Miss Bertha Bowman is very sick with a case of grip.

FRENCH FARMERS  
GROW FIVE CROPS

Mannington Boy Picked  
Blackberries as Late as  
September 8.

George Wilbur Beatty, a Mannington boy, tells of his trip across the sea and of the country over there, in the following letter:

To all Home Folks:—This Sunday afternoon will take the greatest of pleasure in writing to you all. This leaves me well and enjoying life fine and having some good times. We had a fine trip crossing the pond. I did not get sick like some of them did. I surely did enjoy it. This country is something like the states. It is very fertile and the grass is so green now. They don't farm like they do over there. They plow over here with one horse in front of the other, and do all their work on a two-wheeled wagon. They never use a sled. They raise some fine crops. We were out and picked some blackberries this forenoon so you know it is still warm over here.

We were all separated when we came and I know no one now, but Charlie Cartright and I are still together.

How is everybody back over there? Tell them "Hello" and for my friends to write to me. I will be glad to hear from any of them. I like to hear all the news back home. I don't have very much time to write so very often now and besides we are not allowed to write very much, but if I get home then I will tell you all about my life and adventure over here. We might get to come home for Christmas. We would like to think about it any way. Don't worry about me for I am getting along fine. Tell every one to write when they can and I will write to them in a time.

I will now close and write again in a few days. Am still thinking of you all and would like to see you. So goodbye to you all.

From your son and brother,  
PVT. WILBUR BEATTY,  
Co. I, 329 Infantry, A. E. F.

Considerate Restaurateur.  
Diner—These portions are absurdly small of late, Louis!

Head waiter—Well, you see, sir, we have to hire such old waiters now, and they can't handle heavy trays!—Judge.

Five out of the last nine Czars of Russia have been assassinated.

**SORE THROAT**  
or Tonsillitis, gargle with warm salt water, then apply—

**VIC'S VAPORUB**  
NEW PRICES 30c, 60c, \$1.20

**LADIES**  
When irregular or delayed use Triumphant Pills. Safe and always dependable. Not sold at drug store. Refuse others, save disappointment. Write for "Relief" and particulars; it's free. Address: National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

## Becoming Fur Collared



A very soft all-wool Velour fashions this coat and silk Peau de Cygne lines it. It is interlined for warmth and collared with Australian Opposum. Plaids stitched in from yoke to belt complete the style of this most attractive model.

TEMPERING Winter winds is only one of the functions of these handsome fur-collared coats.

Like all the coats and suits favored by Miss Manhattan they also lend the charm of style and youthfulness to their wearers.

Miss Manhattan modes are constantly arriving from New York—ask to see them. You'll be pleased with their fine materials and careful workmanship.

Osgood's  
for  
Quality



An effective coat of all-wool Velour lined with fancy silk and warmly interlined. The large convertible collar in the fashionable shawl shape is of Racon. The double belt crossing in the back and the shirring at the sides are especially attractive.

Y.W.C.A. HELPING  
RUSSIAN WOMEN

Letter Tells About Good  
Work of a Demonstration  
Steamer.

The Pageant which the Woman's Department of the United War Work Campaign is to send throughout West Virginia in charge of Miss Anna K. Neale, a Y. W. C. A. worker of Parkersburg, is not without parallel in Y. W. C. A. work in Russia.

The Pageant in Russia, however, is modified to meet Russia's requirements at the moment, so while West Virginia will have the symbolic story of America's entrance into the war, Russia has just had a demonstration of the actual story of one result. The story comes to West Virginia in a letter from Miss Elizabeth Boies, formerly of Cincinnati, but now at the head of Y. W. C. A. work in the country of revolutions, where lessons in pageants are not needed as much as lessons in living and symbols are not considered quite as essential as loaves of bread. Miss Anna E. Caldwell, Director of the Woman's Department of the United War Work Campaign, is in receipt of the letter, and gives it to the women of West Virginia, that they may know one of the many things the Woman's Department of the War Work Campaign

is striving to make possible to lighten the burdens of other women.

Miss Boies writes in her letter: "A country life exhibit on a big steamer was shown in Russia at 83 towns on the Volga during June and July under the direction of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations.

"The government gave the two organizations a tseamer and a barge of oil, paid the crew and took care of all repairs during the trip. Twenty-five Russian men, mostly agriculturalists, went along to demonstrate the men's part of the exhibit and six Russian women, under the direction of the Young Women's Christian Association, assisted the women's part.

"The women's exhibit was in two departments—one, the care and feeding of babies and children, the exhibit being furnished by a man doctor from Moscow and being explained by

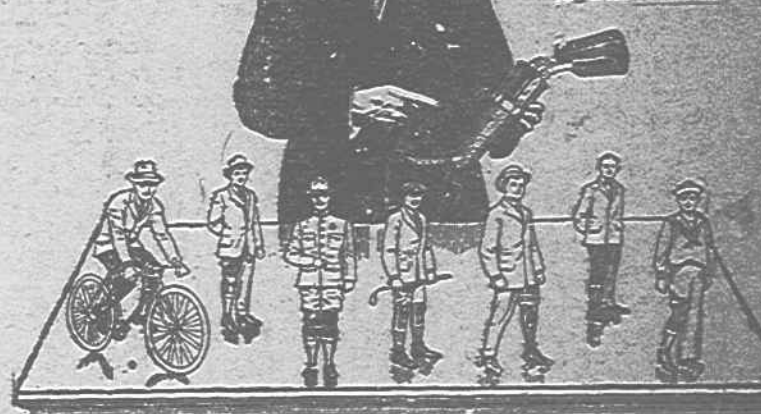
a woman doctor and a nurse. The second was a demonstration on how to keep the house clean and lighted work, and how to make simple dishes which would vary the diet."

Miss Boies says in conclusion: "The only subject the villagers care to talk about is bread. They usually import bread from the Ukraine, but now they can't get any because the Germans have taken it. The allowance here is very small and they have few bread substitutes. Among such substitutes is kasha, which is much like our buckwheat, but even that has become as scarce as grain."

The Manitoba minimum wage statute is more limited in its scope than that of British Columbia, its provisions extending only to female workers "in any shop, mail-order house or factory in any city in Manitoba."

NATURE'S MOST  
NATURAL  
SUBSTITUTEARROWSMITH  
ARTIFICIAL  
LIMBS

Agents Wanted



The man, woman or child who has had the misfortune to lose one or even both legs can, by the use of "Arrowsmith" Artificial Limbs, walk with movements so easy and natural that both wearer and friends soon forget the deficiency. They increase energy, power, improve the health and appearance, add pleasure and comfort to living. No need to leave your home to purchase these limbs; you save that expense. We guarantee a perfect fit.

WRITE FOR CATALOG AND PRICES being mailed to you upon request, location and length of your amputation.

**THE ARROWSMITH MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
U.S.A. — NIAGARA FALLS — CANADA

Manufacturers of the standard and original  
**ARROWSMITH ADJUSTABLE "ARCH PROP"**  
Relieves Tired, Aching Feet and Limbs

Enter the feet, body and nerves. Make them comfortable and healthy in every way.  
Folken Arch—Genuine and perfect. Ask Your Shoe Dealer. Arch restored by the "Arch Prop."

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(MRS. DUFF WILL BE AT HOME ALL THIS MONTH)—BY ALLMAN.

The Test of Patriotism  
Buy LIBERTY BONDS